



WELL MEANT, BUT—

Motorist (with heated cylinders). "WHERE CAN I GET SOME WATER?"

Rustic. "THERE BEANT NOO WATER HEREABOOT—BUT YE CAN HAVE A DUP AT MY TEA!"

TO THE SUN.

SPRING has arrived; high o'er the boggy hollows
The sanguine cuckoo shouts his name afar;
I have not heard as yet about the swallows,
But Philomel turned up, and got catarrh.

And Thou, prime Orb, on whose reviving power
All things depend: whose duty 'tis to bring
Warmth to the flesh, and life to tree and flower,
Art thou aware, O Sun, that this is Spring?

'Tis May; yet still the storm-god's wanton malice
O'errides the creasive ardours of thy brow;
Our sodden lands await thy smile—but ALICE,—
Excuse my saying "ALICE"—where art Thou?

Full well I wot that far across the ocean
Many there be on India's coral strand
(Why "coral," as a fact, I have no notion)
To whom Thou dealest more than they can stand.

To them that face of thine is nowise cheerful;
Rather the other way—thy brassy glow
Leads them to language positively fearful,
And no one more so than my late C. O.

But here, O fond but most elusive charmer,
Robbed of thy smile, disaster crowns the May;
Even that optimist, the British farmer,
Weeps for his tender lambkins, and his hay.

The rude wind sweeps the blossom from the fruit-trees;
Our maidens fear to don their Spring attire,
Their Paris boots repose upon their boot-trees,
And they inhale ammonia by the fire.

Oh is this fair, great Orb, or even moral?
Must A. go chilled, while on the selfsame globe
B., on the strand mistakenly called "coral,"
Becomes a blind and blistered Heliophobe?

DUM-DUM.

Sale of Antiques.

FROM the *Field*: "A quarter of a century ago we recall seeing some fresh halibut on retail sale at Bridgnorth at as little as twopence a pound. A month later it had become appreciated [we can well believe it] "and had risen to fivepence; and in these days double that price is more like its figure on the fishmongers' slabs."

By my halibut, 'tis a passing ancient fish!

A LOAN OF LONDON.—"After the service the wedding party returned to luncheon at —, and then Mr. and Mrs. — left in a motor en route for London, which was kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. —" —*Cork Constitution*.

ACCORDING to the *Yorkshire Post* "the umpires for the test matches have been balloted for." Duck's eggs, of course; and we can only express the hope that the Australians will have their fair share of them.

OUR COMING PREMIER.

["It is rumoured that at an important private meeting of prominent Liberals held yesterday, it was unanimously decided that Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN was to be recognised as the Liberal leader in any eventuality."

At Bala, before six hundred delegates from all parts of Wales, representing the Free Churches, &c., Sir ALFRED THOMAS said that they were about to have a grand reform in Parliament, and that he "looked for twenty years of firm Liberal Government after the General Election."
—Daily Mail of May 3rd.]

ALL hail, elect of your consentient peers!

On you the choice has fallen, has fallen on you!

And to the winds we toss our idle fears

Touching the many cooks that spoiled the stew;

That painful pentalemma now is shivered,

On whose distracting horns we hung and quivered.

Some men are great before they grow adult

(SPENCER and ROSEBURY were that at birth);

And some achieve the same desired result

(LOYD-GEORGE and WINSTON) by consummate worth;

Others are dumped into the highest station

Without the least apparent provocation.

These have no stamp of genius on the brow;

Greatness was never their predestined lot;

Yet they arrive—no man can tell you how,

For reasons—none can say exactly what,

Though beaten rivals plausibly locate 'em

In some misprint or clerical *erratum*.

Not so with you. When first we heard your lips

Extemporising from the written page,

We knew the statesman whom the hour equips,

Who happens only once in every age;

"That man," we said, "unless the fates are cynical,
Is almost bound to end upon a pinnacle."

Time proves us prescient. On a "flowing tide"

(The good old tag) your vessel sweeps to port;

Pacing the poop, erect and eagle-eyed,

You watch the winking poll-star; nothing short

Of some profound seaquake, past human plumbing,

Can now divert your long delayed home-coming.

Ah! happy day that sees your stately form

Fixed in the Chair of National Defence;

You who for England's need in calm or storm

Have never yet been known to spare expense;

On whom (I said last week) we hang a sure hope

Of readjusting our prestige in Europe!

The situation calls for *savoir-faire*:

You must reform our diplomatic school,

And by a strenuous policy repair

The pitiful effects of Tory rule—

The French *entente*, the Japanese alliance—

And breathe the old Gladstonian world-defiance!

At home you'll harmonise the rival claims

Of Christian ushers; by a smart combine

(Union with Separation) bring the aims

Of ROSEBURY and REDMOND into line;

And mend the Party's wounds with oil and stitches.

When Labour runs amok on Liberal pitches.

Not all at once—Rome took at least a week—

But give it time enough and Truth prevails;

Did not Sir ALFRED THOMAS, Knight and Beak,

Remark when he addressed revolting Wales—

"I look to see our side enjoying twenty

Firm years of office?" That, I hope, is plenty!

O. S.

IN BERLIN.

WELL, Sir, here I am in Berlin, and a pretty cheerful disappointment it is. You (I think it was you, but if you deny it we can put it on to Tony, M.P.) had led me to expect a dull and gloomy military capital, swept by sand-storms and inhabited only by soldiers, officials and long-haired philosophers. You'll have to revise your ideas. Berlin is nothing of the sort. To tell the plain truth, it is one of the liveliest, pleasantest and handsomest cities in which a rolling stone like myself can pause and gather moss—it being understood, of course, that the moss in question is light beer of the frothiest, clearest, and most seductive sort. You, Sir, have studied at the University, and I daresay you think you know what beer is and how it should be drunk. Permit me to assure you that you don't—haven't a notion of it, in fact. I hadn't till I came here, but one learns (and drinks) a lot in a week, and, moreover, one learns without trouble and drinks with a minimum of alcohol. All the Berliners drink beer. They drink it in gardens, in restaurants, in cellars, in their homes—everywhere; and they're all as jolly about it as mice in a larder. I haven't seen an angry Berliner yet, not even a policeman, and I'm fairly certain that their perpetual good humour is due to their devotion to beer.

As for my statement that Berlin is handsome, I can see from here that you don't believe it. "Pish," I can hear you saying (or words to that effect), "does the man want to make me think that these Prussians have any buildings worthy to be compared with the National Gallery, or any monuments fit to be placed side by side with the Albert Memorial, or any statues as noble as those in Trafalgar Square?" You need not believe anything you don't want to believe, but I'm bound all the same, being a truthful man, to say that Berlin is a city of magnificent palaces, splendid monuments, and great busy streets, flanked by rows of splendidly-planned and solidly-built houses—streets in which the tide of life streams in a flood of bustling humanity from morning—I was going to say, to night, but I correct myself, for no Berliner seems ever to take any sleep, and the streets overflow with animation all the night through.

One thing I am sure would delight you in Berlin, and that is the parade-step of the Prussian soldiers as they change guard every day at the little guard-house near the Royal Palace. At 12.30 the gentlemen who are in occupation of this house have the distant and listless appearance which seems inseparable from soldiery when no immediate duty presses. A few minutes afterwards they all become brisk and lively, for the strains of a band are heard as a regiment comes swinging along *Unter Den Linden*. The regiment drops a detachment, and the detachment marches into the yard of the guard-house.

I suppose you fancy it's an easy thing to march. All I can say is that you don't know what parade-marching means to a Prussian soldier. Imagine, if you please, these thirty sturdy fellows with their eyes and teeth set, their helmets gleaming in the sun (we are having a good deal of sun in Berlin), and their rifles at their shoulders, all marching not in the everyday fashion, but all flinging out leg after leg in perfect unison high and to its full extent, with toes defiantly pointed straight out in the air, and then bringing down the boot with a bang that shakes the solid earth, and makes each soldier-cheek quiver like an agitated jelly. I never saw anything like it. Nobody smiled, not even when two privates, no doubt selected because they were particularly plump and their cheeks more apt to quiver than the rest, marched across the yard in this manner by themselves. It was a solemn and impressive spectacle.

I have been looking about a good deal for that hatred of the British which, according to some of our English writers, is prevalent here; and, so far, I haven't found it. Please



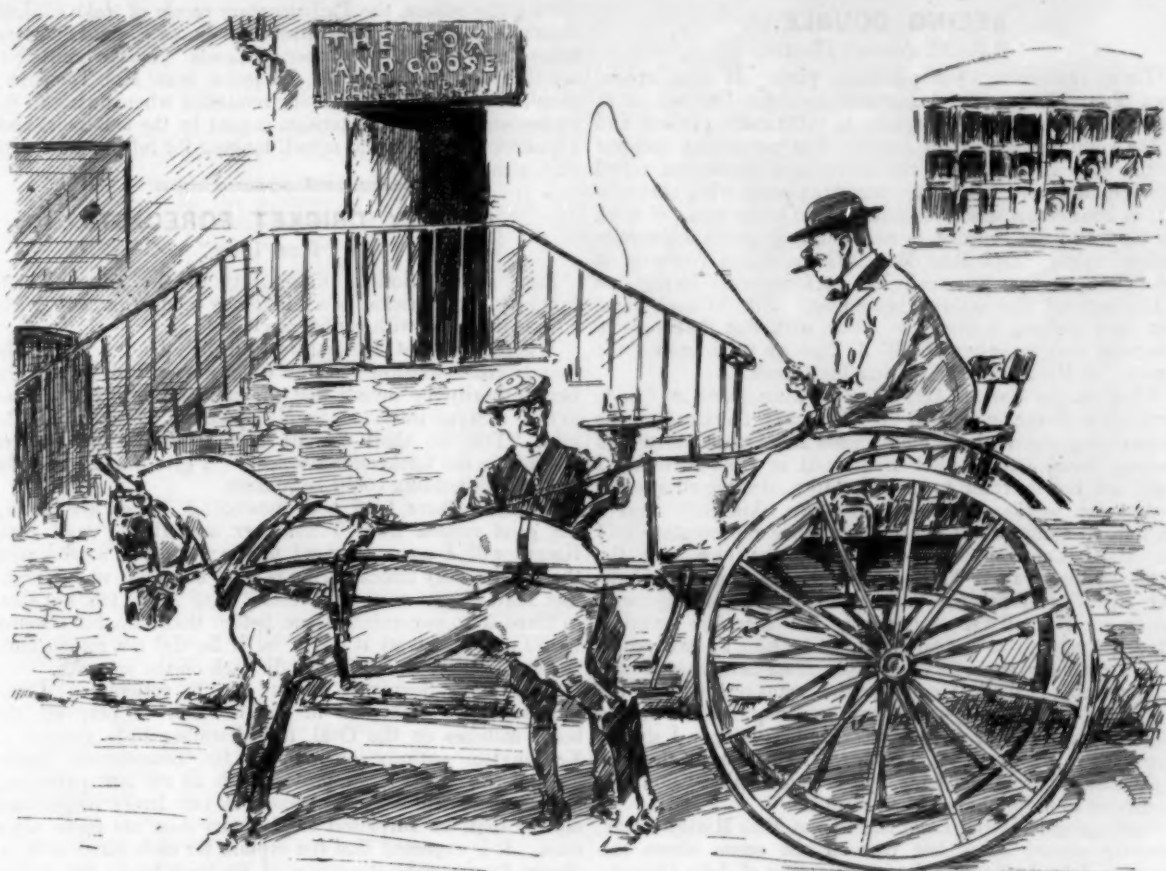
THE DIGNITY OF THE FRANCHISE.

QUALIFIED VOTER. "AH, YOU MAY PAY RATES AN' TAXES, AN' YOU MAY 'AVE RESPONSERBILITIES AN' ALL; BUT WHEN IT COMES TO VOTIN', YOU MUST LEAVE IT TO US MEN!"



THE DIGNITY OF THE FRANCHISE

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"More water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of."

Publican. "ULLOA! THAT'S A SMART PONY AND TRAP YOU'VE GOT. I THOUGHT YOU'D JUST COME THROUGH THE BANKRUPTCY COURT?"
Sinner. "RIGHT YOU ARE, MY BOY! BUT THE PONY AND TRAP WENT BOUND!"

believe me, in spite of everything that the editors of the *National Review* and other papers may say, that no blameless Englishman who comes here will be imprisoned or deported or pierced with a sword or otherwise insulted. On the other hand he can count upon a hospitality genially offered and profusely bestowed, and will be made to feel that he is a welcome guest. *Vive l'entente cordiale*, say I; but I don't quite know why we should go about our ententing with one nation in such a way as to make people believe that we do it less because we love that nation than because we want to prove our rooted dislike of some other nation. Anyhow, Sir, come and join me in Berlin and try the beer and watch the parade-step of the guards.

Yours, as ever,

"TOM THE TOURIST."

Black Game.

KITCHENMAID wishes situation; one with shooting preferred.—*Advt. in The Scoteman.*

Beetles, we presume.

"ANXIOUS RATEPAYER" writes enclosing an official ukase (in red type) issued by the Comptroller of the Metropolitan Water Board. The document says: "During the Financial Year commencing on the 1st April, 1905, and thereafter until further notice, water rates will be collected half-yearly during the periods ending the 30th September and the 31st March respectively, the rates being payable in advance by equal quarterly payments at Lady Day, Midsummer Day, Michaelmas Day and Christmas Day." Our correspondent would greatly like to know which of these instructions he had better obey. Ought he to pay "in advance by equal quarterly payments," or stay at home "during the periods ending the 30th September and the 31st March respectively," while the rates are being "collected half-yearly"? He would rather not do either, and flatly refuses to do both. We strongly recommend "ANXIOUS RATEPAYER" to consult Dr. CLIFFORD.

Another Infant Phenomenon.

"PLAYING for Caius College against St. John's, S. F. PESHALL, who is in his third year, scored 118."

SEEING DOUBLE.

(At the St. James's Theatre.)

'Tis an interesting, but puzzling, piece. It is an appeal from PHILIP, or rather ALEXANDER as *John Chilcote*, M.P. under the influence of morphia, to ALEXANDER clothed and in his right mind as *John Loder*. The perplexing interest of the play is centred in the two single gentlemen rolled into one, impersonated by GEORGE ALEXANDER, who, throughout, in both characters is excellent. No better piece of work has he done; the contrast is most carefully, most artistically insisted upon. And Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS, as the wife of *John Chilcote*, gives us a really fine performance. Repression is the note of the acting throughout. All do their level best, and nothing is overdone. But, with due deference to dramatist and manager, Mr. W. J. THOROLD is no more "the double" of Mr. ALEXANDER than is Mr. Punch.

When, in the Second Act, at an evening party at "*Lady Bramfells*, Berkeley Square" (O *Jeames!*), I noticed on the scene among the distinguished guests Mr. ARTHUR APPLIN, in evening dress, *décoré*, titled in the bill as *Lord Bramfells*, I could not but murmur to myself, "Here, despite all attempt at disguise, is the real double of *John Chilcote*." And I am fain to admit I did expect this other representative of Mr. ALEXANDER to give a new turn to the plot. Of the novel, by the way, I know absolutely nothing. As, however, Mr. W. J. THOROLD is the accepted (by the Management) double of Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, and therefore entitled, authoritatively, to be considered as "like him as two peas," of course a mere superficial observer must cave in and say, apologetically, "Well, I suppose the management and the author are right. Only—if I had been requested to choose a double for Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, unhesitatingly I should have chosen Mr. APPLIN." However, as I have said, the note of the acting is reserved force, and here is another "double" in reserve, to be produced when wanted.

Captivating as is the *Lady Astrupp* of Miss MARION TERRY, earnestly played as is her part in the scene where she identifies *John Loder* with the impersonator of *John Chilcote*, M.P., what influence does she, with her discovery, bring to bear on the plot? What does she do? Nothing: except to dine *tête-à-tête* with *John Loder* after the curtain has descended on Act III. *Lady Astrupp* makes no use of her knowledge: nor does the fact of her identification of the pretender with her whilom lover *John Loder* weigh with *Chilcote's* double, whose sense of honour, kindled in him by his love, has determined him to tell the truth to *Chilcote's* wife, to give up the game, and to save *Chilcote*, if his salvation be possible. Without *Lady Astrupp's* discovery the result, as far as I can make out, would have been precisely the same, and therefore, except as affording a fine dramatic opportunity to Miss MARION TERRY and Mr. ALEXANDER, the character of *Lady Astrupp* is absolutely *de trop*.

That this is a fault in the dramatised version I affirm: whether it be an original defect of the novel I am unaware. Without this suggestion of some sort of disreputable intrigue in the history of *John Loder* and *Lady Astrupp* the play might have been dramatically dull. Pity, by the way, that on a kitten, not mentioned in the bill, should depend most of the few "laughs" that brighten up this play. Such "business" as this may be "enough to make a cat laugh," but *non tali ingenio* should any such distracting merriment be introduced.

The dialogue is, as Mr. Toots might have said, "of no consequence," but with the acting throughout of everybody concerned not a fault can be found.

A good, or bad, twenty minutes might be cut out of it somewhere, which would considerably lighten the play, and increase the chances of the public continuing to take their seats in the House to hear the speeches, and applaud,

during the session the Parliamentary career of *John Chilcote* ALEXANDER, M.P. for King Street, St. James's, cousin several times removed to *The Prisoner of Zenda*. I have omitted to say that the play is by Mr. THURSTON, from Mrs. THURSTON's novel, a fact of which I was only reminded when, owing to the excitement and nervous tension caused by the two-hours-and-a-quarter drama, I found myself longing for refreshment, with such a thirst on!

COUNTY CRICKET FORECASTS.

By "PLUM DUFF."

SUCH is the glorious uncertainty of the game that to prophesy about cricket is a dangerous occupation, and yet if anyone can do it with confidence it is I.

Whether or not Lancashire will be able to retain the County championship remains to be seen; but I have the best authority for saying that the gallant White Roses mean to try. On my interviewing Mr. MACLAREN the other day, he said, "Yes, we shall do our best to retain the premier position in the forthcoming season." I give his exact words, than which nothing could be plainer.

Yorkshire have long been practising. They are hoping for good results from TUNNICLIFFE and HURST; and little RHODES will, I am authorised to say, be given a trial with the ball in every match. This is good news. It was thought that Lord HAWKE would not return until May 11th, but that, as there is no important fixture before that date, his absence would not be felt as it might be if he did not return until October. However, he is already back on the warpath.

Concerning Surrey it is not easy to vaticinate. Great satisfaction is expressed at the decision to play all the home matches on the Oval, the charming little ground at Kennington entirely surrounded by Temperance hotels. Such of the county's old professionals as are not qualifying for Somerset will be *en évidence*, as our lively neighbours say. I shall be surprised if HAYWARD does not make some runs. It is expected that the captain for each match will be chosen by throwing the names of the team into a hat before play begins. This is obviously much better than the old way of appointing one captain for the whole season, as Yorkshire and Lancashire do. It has been arranged to have one of the neighbouring gasometers filled with ink, so that the supply may never run short on the Oval.

Of Middlesex it does not become me to speak in superlatives. I will therefore content myself by calling the team a collection of A1 clippers. Weather permitting, and all things being equal, the team should do well; but if they do not they are sportsmen enough to take it like men and brothers. Most of the old stalwarts will again be available, and no doubt the schoolmaster brigade will yield a recruit or two when August comes. I have special authority for saying that the stumps at Lord's will neither be raised nor widened this year.

Somerset will again have the services of the genial and exuberant SAMMY; and what could be better? Owing to the fact that HIRST and TYLDESLEY, JOHN GUNN and J. T. HEARNE are not yet qualified to play for them, they will not be so strong as they might be; but I confidently expect to see them pull the fat from the fire again and again.

Sussex will have occasional help from her Indian Prince, and Mr. FRY will again be captain. Whether or not Mr. FRY comes off in the test matches remains to be seen. That he will if he gets set, I am convinced. Interviewed the other day, as he was leaving the office of his magazine, Mr. FRY said, "Yes, the season is just beginning, and I hope it will be a fine one." So do we all.

Meanwhile all the best players are busy sharpening their pencils or filling their fountain pens, a feature of the coming season being a literary activity which in its hectic feverishness

will leave other seasons nowhere. Each member of the Australian eleven is provided with a special 20-h.p. descriptive writer, whose duty it will be to chronicle every stroke played, or ball bowled or fielded, and to whom the cricketer will be a hero.

A project is afoot to cremate one of W. G.'s bats at the end of the season and enclose the ashes in a golden casket, to be retained by the winners of the Test rubber. As an amendment it is proposed rather to cremate those cricketers who write too much about the game; but to this I am naturally opposed.

THE SECRET OF A GREAT PICTURE.

FAMOUS ARTIST INTERVIEWED.

THE HON. HENRY PITMAN'S thrilling picture "Not Out" is the staple of conversation in all cricket pavilions during the luncheon and tea intervals.

The canvas, as visitors to Burlington House are well aware, depicts a scene at Lord's. The batsman has just cut a ball into the hands of Point. The fieldsmen have evidently brought off a smart catch, and from the jubilant expression on the countenance of the bowler—ALBERT TROTT—it is clear that he has made a confident appeal to the umpire. How then can one reconcile the title with the picture?

The opinion of the experts being unanimously in favour of the view that the title is a misnomer, Mr. Punch's representative determined to go to headquarters for a clue to the mystery.

"To me," remarked Mr. PITMAN, "it is self-evident, though I am quite prepared for the

PUNDITS OF THE POPPING CREASE

to scoff at it because it is so perfectly simple. But first let me tell you how I came to paint 'Not Out.' It has always been a matter of poignant regret to me that there are so few scenes in modern life which lend themselves to the art of the really thoughtful and earnest painter. And yet I have always felt that the true artist should not turn his back on modernity and bury himself in the conventionalities of mock archaism. 'Forward, forward let us range'—has always been my motto, and that naturally suggests football. But the difficulties of painting a really attractive football scene are almost insuperable. The costume, to begin with, is not picturesque, the boots are too big, and the emotions it evokes are apt to be almost primitively violent. I wanted something that would give me an opportunity of depicting the dramatic and the realistic, and of simultaneously appealing to the Man in the Street and the members of the Royal Society. And so I naturally thought of cricket—



AN EVIDENT ALTERNATIVE.

"SHE MARRIED HIM IN SPITE OF GREAT OPPOSITION, DIDN'T SHE?"

"YES. IF HER MARRIAGE DOESN'T TURN OUT WELL, SHE'LL ONLY HAVE HERSELF TO BLAME."

"GOOD GRACIOUS, WHY? WHAT'S TO PREVENT HER BLAMING HIM?"

the great national pastime, denounced by Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING but apotheosized in the historic words of the Iron Duke. The only drawback in this choice," continued Mr. PITMAN, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "is that I have never played cricket myself—I was a Wet Bob at Harrow—and know nothing of the rules. However, this proved but a trifling obstacle. Thanks to the coaching of a few cricketing friends, I speedily mastered the main features of the game, and was able to present in a simple form the

PROFOUND PSYCHOLOGICAL TRUTH

which I wished to drive home. Now I am not going to enter into justification of the title. I merely wish to observe that if you look at the pointsman's hands

—that, I believe, is the technical term for the man who occupies his position—you will observe that the ball is of irregular shape and small size. Also, that if you look behind him you will see on the grass at a little distance a small red object. Now all I have got to add is that if, as I am assured is quite possible, a batsman were to strike the ball with such violence that it broke in two and the fieldman only succeeded in catching the *smaller* fragment, there could be little doubt as to the verdict of the umpire."

The broken ball! Such, indeed, is the obvious solution of this wonderful pictorial conundrum, which has taxed the ingenuity of the brightest wits in the cricket world for the last fortnight.

"PAPER" IN THE STALLS.

(AS ESTIMATED FROM THE PIT.)

Readers are asked to imagine themselves—just for once—in the Pit of a first-class London Theatre. They will be relieved to find that they are perfectly comfortable, and can see and hear admirably. Not that there is anything to see or hear at present, as the doors have only just been opened, the lights are down, the orchestra vacant, and the white backs of the stalls suggest an Arctic region of frozen wastes. In the middle of the front row of the Pit are a quartette whose conversation we, being immediately behind them, cannot avoid overhearing. They are a typical party of Modern Pittites, with nothing in their appearance, manner or accent to distinguish them from the occupants of the Dress Circle, though they are either less well off, or else they go to the play so frequently as to make the price a matter for consideration. It evidently does not occur to them—as why should it?—that there is the slightest reason for feeling ashamed of being young and lighthearted enough to extract enjoyment even from a long wait outside the Pit doors, and an equally long one within the theatre. JACK and MAUD; PERCY and ETHEL, are brother and sister respectively, and, if they are not actually two engaged couples as yet, it is probably only a question of time.

Ethel (daintily patting her hair, after pinning a very becoming hat to the partition in front. N.B.—Ladies in the Pit now invariably remove their hats as a matter of course—an act of gracious courtesy and consideration to those behind them to which no lady in a stall at a *matinée* would ever dream of condescending.) There don't seem to be very many in the Pit, so far. I thought this piece was such a success? All the critics spoke highly of it, didn't they?

Percy. Yes—called it "a thoroughly sweet and wholesome English comedy." Enough to put most people off it!

Jack. Rather a sell for us if it turns out to be absolute fustle!

Ethel. I don't mind. I always love ADRIAN BRACEGIRDLE, whatever he's in. Still, I do hope he hasn't got a failure!

Percy. We shall soon find out if he has—by the amount of "Paper" in the Stalls.

Ethel. Paper in the Stalls? What do you mean?

Jack. PERCY means the people who come in without paying—with orders, you know.

Ethel. But how is one to tell from here whether they've paid or not?

Percy. Nothing easier. I'd back myself to spot 'em every time.

Maud. Then you shall point them out to us—it will be rather fun.

Percy. No necessity to point 'em out. They give themselves away. For one thing, they always arrive with morbid punctuality—long before the orchestra. Why, I don't know, unless the Management makes a point of it. (An Attendant enters by the Stall Entrance on the left.) There's some Paper on its way already—I know it by the elevation of that young woman's nose. (A pair of depressed elderly females drift forlornly in, and have to be shepherded out of the wrong row of stalls and into their appointed seats.) There you are, you see! Those red and white woolly things are peculiar to Paper—anti-macassars by day, and "clouds" by night.

Maud. There's another couple just coming in—from the right. Are they Paper, too?

Jack. I should say so. But if he does wear side-whiskers, he might run to a white tie!

Percy. He's got one at home—a made-up bow. Only, you see, the elastic loop went wrong, and his wife—the lady in the blue plush opera-cloak—said there wasn't time to mend

it, and besides, a black tie was full-dress anywhere: she had noticed several quite smart young men wearing them at Cricklewood dances. So he put it on, and stuck a red pocket-handkerchief inside his waistcoat as a finishing touch—and here he is, no end of a buck!

Maud. Can't say I admire the lady's taste in frocks. Sulphur is decidedly not her colour!

Ethel. Especially with turquoise bows and machine-made lace. Oh, but do look at those queer people coming in now. Do you see?—the pale young man in a soft felt hat and a caped cloak. Now he's taken his hat off and is running his hand dreamily through his long hair.

Jack. Must be something in the poetical line. What does PERCY think? Is he "Paper"?

Percy. He's Paper right enough. Got in by presenting his card at the Box Office. He's on the Stage. "Walks on," as they call it. Just now he's resting.

Maud. And what about the girl with him—in a kind of Grecian robe with long white mittens, and a gilt laurel wreath in her hair?

Percy. She's a member of the Profession, too. She has great gifts. Played *Juliet* once at the Bijou Theatre, Bayswater, and would be a leading lady now, only Actor-Managers at the West End won't engage her for fear she'll play them off the stage. So she recites "The Fireman's Wedding" at Acton "At Homes" instead. They will both be tremendously down on the piece and the acting—particularly the acting.

Maud. How can you possibly know all that?

Percy. Oh, well—anyone who wears gilt laurels in her hair naturally would recite "The Fireman's Wedding."

Jack. I say—more Paper! Look—stout old party in black satin, with a white shawl and a magenta feather in her cap! How does she come here?

Percy. Theatrical landlady—the meek little chap with the rebellious shirt-front is her husband—waits at parties if required, so he's quite at home in faultless evening-dress.

Maud. I feel quite sorry for this next couple—that poor old husband and wife who are coming in now. I'm sure they'd be ever so much more comfortable at home on a night like this. What could have induced them to come out?

Percy. Oh, they received an order from the Management—"theirs not to reason why!" &c. If the summons had been to the Upper Circle they might have hesitated—but they couldn't resist Complimentary Stalls. That would have fetched them even if they'd been at their last gasp—they'd have managed to put off their decease and turn up somehow. As it is, if only there are no draughts in the Stalls, and the cab windows fit fairly close, they mayn't be much the worse for their outing-to-morrow.

Ethel. Well, I hope they'll enjoy themselves now they are here.

Percy. They don't look as if they expected to. But Paper generally is pessimistic. Result of bitter experience, I suppose.

Maud. Gracious! What a ghastly, cadaverous-looking creature that is over there—do you see him yet?—in the ulster and cloth cap. No—not that side—by the pillar on the right.

Percy. I've got him now. Yes—still more singular instance of the tremendous power an order has over the confirmed "dead-head." He's come up all the way from Brookwood, which is his present address—I suppose the order was forwarded. Well, you'd hardly think it would be worth his while—but they tell me the place is rather quiet, not much life in it, so probably he felt he wanted a change. Anyhow, here he is—he'll go back to-night by the last Necropolis from Waterloo.

Maud. You're not to be grisly. But really, why do Managers send stalls to such a very quaint set of people?

Percy. Well, one is generally told it's done to convey a



NOT QUITE WHAT HE MEANT.

Joan (on her annual Spring visit to London). "THERE, JOHN, I THINK THAT WOULD SUIT ME."
 Darby (grumblingly). "THAT, MARIA? WHY, A PRETTY FIGURE IT WOULD COME TO!"
 Joan. "AH, JOHN DEAR, YOU'RE ALWAYS SO COMPLIMENTARY! I'LL GO AND ASK THE PRICE."

false impression to the rest that the show is such a brilliant success that it's attracting all the smartest people in London. But of course a Manager isn't really so simple as that. He'd have 'em properly made up if he really meant to deceive. It isn't that.

Maud and Ethel. Then what is it done for?

Percy. Merely to provide the Pit and Gallery with a little mild entertainment till the orchestra is ready to begin.

Jack. Sort of free Exhibition of Freaks. But the orchestra is beginning—no more Freaks now!

Maud. I'm so sorry. I should like to see some of them come in all over again!

Percy. Ah, pity they don't know the impression they've made. F. A.

Anti-Vivisectionists, please note.

YOUNG LADY desires re-engagement as Clerk; five years' experience; used to dissection.—*Portsmouth Evening News*.

It is reported that adders are multiplying in Norfolk. Is this a direct result of the *Daily Mail's* "Breakfast-table Problems"?

CHARIVARIA.

THE President of the Royal Academy complained, at the Banquet, of the ugly garb in which the Army is dressed at the present moment; and, as the Royal Academy is an influential body, it is thought that art ties will shortly be served out to our soldiers.

SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, it is said, is to receive £14,000 for "The Finding of Moses." This sum exceeds the highest prize ever won in a Hidden Treasure Competition.

"A well-known painter," not a member of the Royal Academy, has divulged to an interviewer that he is in favour of an extension of membership.

As usual, the exhibition at Burlington House reflects our passing foibles. Not only is there the "Bridge" picture, but "Pit" is also represented. There is a canvas entitled "A Corner in Rye."

The halfpenny papers have started publishing reproductions of some of the

pictures in the Royal Academy. The printing difficulties, however, seem to be almost insuperable, and it is said that the painter of *August Sunshine* received a request from one of these journals for permission to change the title to *November Fog*.

Hamlet has again been successfully rendered without scenery. But, considering our present high achievements in the art of scene-painting, if you must dispense with one of the two, why not dispense with the acting?

It is semi-officially denied that the leading feature of Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS' forthcoming play, *Nero*, is to be a real fire-engine dashing on to the stage.

At a recent meeting of the Glasgow Town Council the Lord Provost declared that he had received a letter from Mr. HALL CAINE, but had either dropped it into the waste-paper basket or thrown it aside. Mr. HALL CAINE is of the opinion that the improbability of this story is so obvious that it is unnecessary to take any notice of it.



OUR VILLAGE.

Village Dame (describing various aches and pains). "MY THROAT 'E DID GO TICKLE, TICKLE, TICKLE, TILL I SES, 'I MUST BE AGOIN' TO BE ILL.' SO I 'OLDS UN TIGHT WI' MY 'AND, BUT THAT DIDN'T DO NO GOOD; THEN I PUTS MY OLD STOCKING ROUND UN, BUT THAT DIDN'T DO NO GOOD. SO IN THE MORNIN' I TALKED IT OVER WITH MRS. GILES NEXT DOOR, AND WE THOUGHT AS WE'D SEND OVER TO THE 'WHITE 'ORSE' FOR THREEPENNORTH O' GIN, 'COS I SES, 'PRAPS IT MAY DO I GOOD, AN' PRAPS IT MAYN'T. BUT EVEN IF IT DON'T, I SES, 'YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WHEN YOU BE DEAD!'"

This is an age of reprints. According to one of our contemporaries some publishers are even bringing the books up to date, for the journal in question acknowledges the receipt of a popular edition of *Tom Browne's Schooldays*. We presume that *Fielding's Tom de Jones* will follow in due course.

We are sorry to have to complain of the manners of an earthquake which visited North Wales last week. Not only did it throw several privates in the Shropshire Militia out of bed, but it "rudely disturbed" one of their officers. All that can be urged in mitigation of this gross impertinence is that the officer was at the time sleeping without his uniform, and his rank was therefore not apparent.

One of the provisions of the new Aliens Bill is a power to expel aliens already resident in this country when convicted of an offence for which they could be imprisoned without the option of a fine.

As a natural result, in certain parts of London an immense demand for a list of such offences has been created among those aliens who are anxious to commit all the others.

We learn from the *Irish Independent* that men imprisoned in Cork Gaol for resisting the police at an eviction have been serenaded by a brass band. It is indeed a pleasant change to find law-breakers being discouraged in "Rebel Cork."

A Sydney gentleman has patented a scheme for supplying fresh air to households from the clouds by an arrangement of captive balloons and tubes. The inventor has submitted his plans to local doctors, who have advised him to take a rest.

A correspondent writes to the *Daily Mail* to enquire whether there is any foundation for the belief that by collecting a million old stamps one can obtain

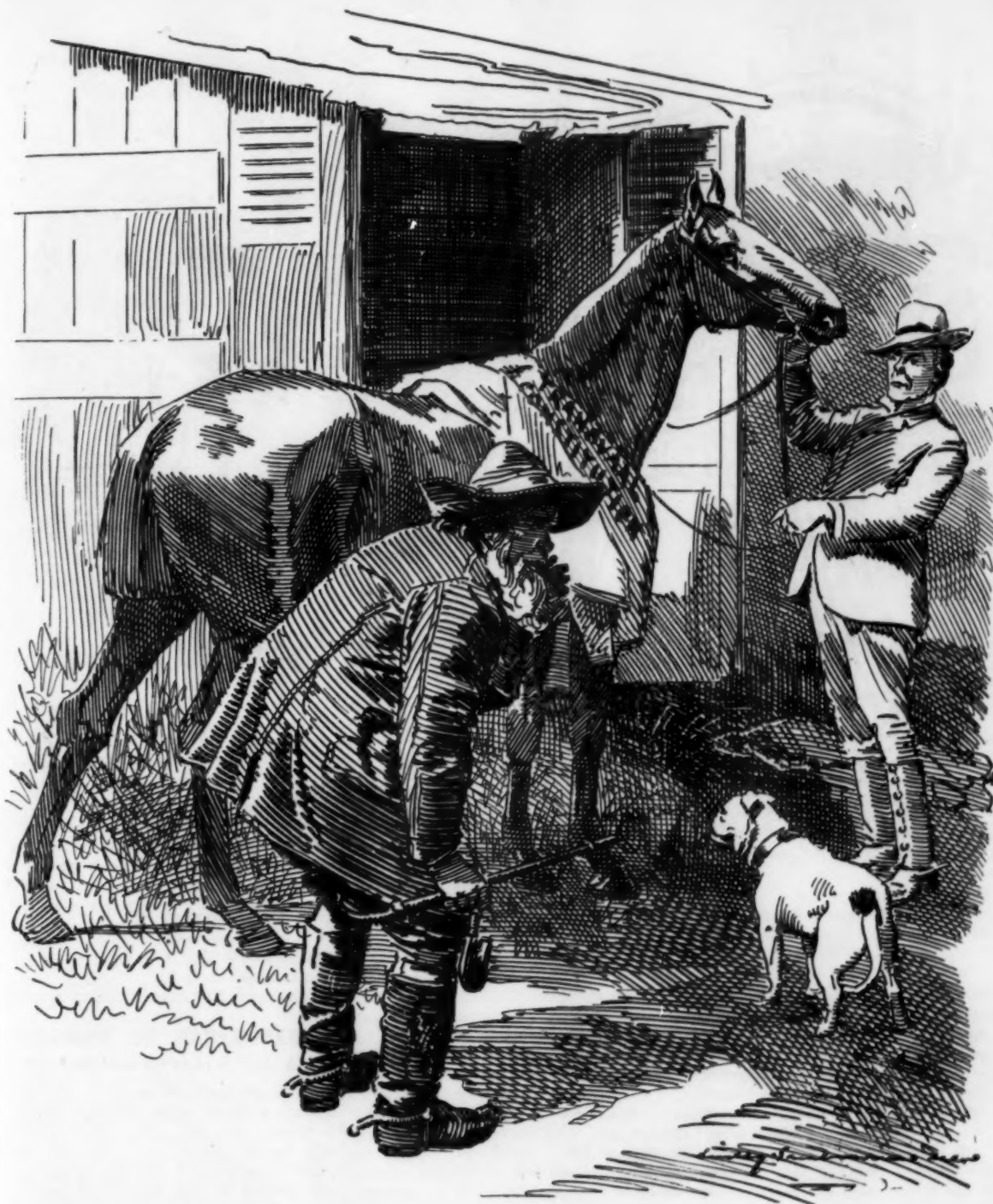
admission to some charitable institution. As we have explained before, such a collection carries with it the right of entrance to certain lunatic asylums.

The Czar has conceded religious freedom to all his subjects except the Jews. Still the Jews must be thankful for small mercies. They retain the right to die for their Czar in Manchuria.

The Army boot-workers on strike have announced their intention of marching on the War Office. This is really too bad. The War Office has done nothing.

A new motor street-cleaning machine which is about to be placed on the market will, it is claimed, even sweep up dogs (with the exception of St. Bernards).

Our pretty May Day customs die hard. A demonstration by Social Democrats and their ladies was held as usual in Hyde Park on the 1st inst.



THE GIFT HORSE.

RIGHT HON. ALFRED LYTTON (COLONIAL SECRETARY). "THERE, MY BOY, THAT'S SOMETHING LIKE A HORSE! HE'LL CARRY YOU TOPPINGLY FOR SOME TIME TO COME."

TRANSVAAL BURGHER. "H'M—MUCH OBLIGED. (*Aside*) DOUBT IF HE'D PASS DE VET!"



HE KNEW HIS WORK.

Proprietor of Travelling Menagerie. "ARE YOU USED TO LOOKING AFTER HORSES AND OTHER ANIMALS?"

Applicant for Job. "YESSIR. BEEN USED TO 'ORSES ALL MY LIFE."

P. O. T. M. "WHAT STEPS WOULD YOU TAKE IF A LION GOT LOOSE?"

A. F. J. "GOOD LONG URS, MISTER!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, May 2.
—After Easter's fitful holiday PRINCE ARTHUR sleeps well. For the matter of that so does his young friend the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Vain, envious critics are apt to accuse His Majesty's Ministers of lack of business capacity; to see these two lay themselves out to sleep on Treasury Bench as soon as debate on Aliens Bill got under way finally disposes of the imputation.

Surroundings certainly soporific. Members' hurry to get off to holiday equalled only by their lethargic gait in returning.

Overtaking straggling groups crossing Palace Yard one remembered

the whining schoolboy, with his satchel, And shining morning face, creeping like snail Unwillingly to school.

C.-B. boldly put in appearance at Question time; debate as it progressed too much for him. Whilst EVANS GORDON (known in the family circle by the name of his classic work, *The Alien Immigrant*) spoke, as became a veteran soldier, in battalions as compared with companies, C.-B. hastily rose and fled, followed by full measure of scanty attendance of his colleagues.

"What attitude are the Leaders of the Opposition going to take on this Bill?" sternly asked the gallant Major at the close

of the first hour of his luminous speech. Pausing for reply, lo! he found the Front Bench tenantless. Even Sergeant HEMPHILL, who never wittingly spares himself five minutes of the delight of attendance, had, as they say of the fox, "gone away."

PRINCE ARTHUR, awakened by the laughter that followed EVANS GORDON's consternation on discovering the effect of his eloquence, looked up.

"Indomitable Major!" he whispered to AKERS-DOUGLAS, who was adding fresh note to already unmanageable sheaf. "We have long known him implacable in efforts to prevent Immigration; behold how irresistible he becomes as promoter of Emigration."

Only DON JOSÉ alert, strenuous, full of fight. Judiciously spared himself the first four hours of debate, a full fourth appropriated by THE ALIEN IMMIGRANT from Stepney. No one expected him to speak; rose in nearly empty House; as usual the Benches filled up when the signal "Joe's up" was flashed to Reading Room, Smoking Room, Library and other resorts of Members who like to arrive at decision on important public questions without being prejudiced by argument urged in debate.

Amid scene suddenly transformed into one of bustling life and animation, DON JOSÉ, with one eye on PRINCE ARTHUR, now wide awake, slyly applauded the Government measure as a step towards greater things. One more stride from a Bill which kept out Alien Labour, and they would land on the larger and more beneficent barricade that prevented foreign goods coming into competition with the product of the British workman.

In fervour of moment DON JOSÉ made a slip that would have covered an ordinary man with confusion. It was as the champion and friend of the oppressed working man he interposed.

"Who are the people," he asked, "whose incursions into the country this Bill is designed to check? Why, they are men who come here to snatch at wages they cannot earn in their own country."

Swift as a dart the watchful Opposition fell on this weak spot. DON JOSÉ's stock argument, trumpeted in Parliament and out, is that introduction of Protection into Great Britain will increase wages of working man. These Aliens come in from countries where Protection has been established for generations. Why, bloatedly prosperous beneath its blessed rule, should they leave hearth and home in search of better wages in a foreign land under Free Trade domination?

Rare to catch DON JOSÉ without ready retort. Jubilantly asked to explain this little matter he, unnoticing, talked of something else.

Business done. -- Aliens Bill read second time.

Wednesday. -- Sir TROUT BARTLEY sitting in his familiar corner seat, thinking that the stock of really well-managed Penny Banks will soon exceed the market price of Consols, was disturbed by unusual sound of a Member softly singing to himself. Turning sharply round discovered THOMAS CORBETT, Member for North Down, in the very act. Hon. Member was humming

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May.

Impulse irresistible. As matter of fact May had set in with its usual severity; but it was poets' Maytime in the soul of the Member for North Down.

Favoured by fortune at the Ballot-box, he had secured first place at the evening sitting, and was contemplating discussion of Resolution designed to cause his beloved countrymen in Nationalist camp to sit up.

Time was, in memory of some of us, when NEWDEGATE used every Session to bring in motion for appointment of Commission to inquire into Conventual and Monastic Institutions. Those were field nights through which the honest old Tory, the uncompromising Protestant, stood at bay whilst the Catholic Irish Members howled around him. After long interval ELISHA CORBETT clutches at the mantle of the departed prophet, and proposes to blow up again the embers of the old sectarian fire. This is why that song of Maytime bubbles to his lips.

Whilst yet he sang, TAY PAY rose from Nationalist camp and asked leave to move adjournment in order to discuss as matter of urgent importance the engagement of one of His Majesty's ships to convey an armed force to Dursey Island to assist in eviction of a tenant. Half a hundred Members backing up the request, it was forthwith acceded to.

"The merry month of May" froze on the parted lips of the controversial CORBETT. In place of it now was the winter of his discontent. He knew full well what the move meant. TAY PAY and his friends, taking precedence when the House resumed at 9 o'clock, would hold the field for the rest of the sitting. His hardly won, fondly cherished opportunity was snatched from him almost at the moment of its realisation.

ELISHA CORBETT went forth a stricken man. He vaguely remembered how he had secured the very corner seat on the fourth bench below the Gangway, whence once a year NEWDEGATE held forth. So that nothing should be lacking to the *renaissance*, he had privily possessed himself of a snuffbox and a large red pocket-handkerchief, such as NEWDEGATE flourished when the howls of the angered Irish imposed upon him temporary silence. In the altered circumstances they seemed but mockeries. He hid them in the recesses of his locker, in company with the MS. notes of his speech and the terms of his Resolution founded on NEWDEGATE'S. Then he went out and moodily paced the Embankment till the sound of Big Ben announced the adjournment of the House for dinner.

Business done. -- Report of Supply.

Friday night. -- "And when," I ventured to ask PRINCE ARTHUR, finding him in his room in comparative Friday afternoon leisure, "are you going to reply to DON JOSÉ's overtures on Tariff tactics made before Easter?"

"Do you ever dally with DRAYTON, TOBY mio?" he said, picking up a book he

was reading when I entered. "You know him probably by his *Shepherds Garland* and his *Piers Gaveston*, if indeed you never made the acquaintance of his *Poly-Olbion*."

"Never heard of the young lady," I frankly said.

"Ah, well," PRINCE ARTHUR continued, abandoning obvious intention of instruction, "I've been reading him lately, and came upon a sonnet which somehow haunts me with its musical lines."

And he murmured to himself:

"Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part.

Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain."

"Exactly. Very pretty indeed. But I was thinking about DON JOSÉ and your promised reply."

"So was I," said PRINCE ARTHUR. "By the way, how are they getting on in the House? Have they vetoed 'old Scotch'?"

Business done. -- Scotch Liquor Traffic Bill.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

WHEN GLADYS comes a whisper wakes,
A sudden thrill prevails,
She holds the eyes of men, and takes
The wind out of our sails.
In spite of every art we use,
Their bosoms she transfixes,
And yet I'm glad to know her shoes
Are unromantic sixes.

The frocks that LEONORA wears
Are absolutely sweet,
She practises such Frenchy airs
It's hopeless to compete.
Her lace is fine, her silks are thick,
Her sables make one sicken;
And yet, though LEONORA's *chic*,
She's certainly no chicken.

DIANA has a sporting bent
And not a little side,
She's hot upon a screamin' scent
And knows the way to ride.
Her doggy tendencies would please
A print like Mr. STRACHEY'S,
But, though she drops her final g's,
Her father drops his h's.

A Relative Term.

Tommy. Will no "undesirable foreigners" of any kind be allowed to live in England once the Aliens Bill has passed?

Father. No—I don't think so.

Tommy. Hooray. Then Mamzell will have to go!

From the Far East.

WHEN Fleets joined Fleets then was the Togo War.

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

(Our Burlesquington House Show.)



387. THE SPEECH.

"Wooden and oleaginous friends! Unaccustomed as I am to public *sneaking*, I beg to move the adjournment on a matter of definite urgent public importance."

1832. Homer, Sweet Homer; or the Accordion-pleated Minstrel.

183. H.H. the Khedive waiting on the top of the building for the high trapeze; or, "Whaur's yer Wullie Hohenzollern noo!"

384. "Call yourself a soldier! Look at me!"

299. Moonstruck on the Doggerbank; or, What Rozhdestvensky thought he saw.

256. The Colour-Sargent presents new colours to the Marlborough Family.

256. (Our Artist's Private View of this picture.) Charmed with the arrangement of Mr. Sargent's portrait of the Marlborough Family, Mr. and Mrs. Bounder, of Upper Tooting, decide to follow suit,—if they can find an artist willing to take commission.

260. Ariadne in Naxos, or even less than that.



THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

(A helpful guide for the use of Visitors to the Royal Academy.)

L'Ouverture de la Saison, with harmonies in colour, is synonymous with the Opening of the Royal Academy Exhibition at Burlington House. We are not of those who gird at the Royal Academical authorities, but, on the other hand, we are "girders," and staunch ones too, as supporters of those in authority who have achieved their position by that capacity for attending to details which is the better part of genius. A Committee of fifteen, or thirteen, experts does not pronounce an opinion at haphazard. The decision of a majority of experienced Judges in the Highest Court of Appeal settles a matter in Law; and so also should it be with the Fine Arts. If a work of art be pronounced inadmissible to the Annual Exhibition by a majority of our leading Academicians, such verdict ought to be accepted as final, and the minority, recording a protest, would gracefully yield. With this profession of faith in the powers that be, and heartily congratulating Sir EDWARD POYNTER and the Academy on their most recent acquisitions under the terms of the Chantry fund, we proceed with our summary of the Year's Pictorial Show at Burlington House.

At the Annual Banquet the Prince of WALES made an excellent, straightforward speech, which was enthusiastically received, especially by H.R.H.'s "friend FIDES," who bore his brushing honours bravely, humming to himself the ever popular air of "My Queen! My Queen!"

And now—to business.

10. *A Stock Exchange Allegory*. Awkward for the Bears. A work on which a SWAN (JOHN M., R.A. Elect) may plume himself.

15. FRANK DICKSEE'S, R.A., "*Ideal*" of a Nightmare. *Cherchez la femme!*

35. "*The Woodman*" who has not spared the trees, after cutting his stick away from home is now returning thither. He is waiting for his STANHOPE (A. FORBES, A.) to take him.

51. *Signor Manuel Garcia*. Mr. SARGENT, having painted this admirable portrait, a singing likeness of the renowned centenarian musical professor, ought to have been most particular as to its being numbered 100 instead of 51.

64. "*Before the Rise of the Curtain*," Shakespearian characters grouped by BACON.

101. "*Vive le Roi Pacificateur!*" Portrait of His Majesty the KING, by HAROLD SPEED. In Sc. 5 of Act II. of *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, says Launce to Speed, "A man is never undone till he be hanged." Mr. HAROLD SPEED has boldly dared to take our good KING full-length, life-size, and has been deviously hung for his pains. But though he be "hanged" yet is he by no means "undone," although not a few grudging critics find fault with the artist for having given the public too much change for their sovereign. Now, although the right hand is weak and ungainly and the face but wishy-washy (which we wish it wasn't), yet a work by SPEED should not be judged in haste. It may be vastly improved by time and a pleasant residence at its destination, Belfast.

134. "*Collie-Webbling*," or "A Lost Dog," by BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.

140. "*Incedit Regina*." Her Most Graceful Majesty Queen ALEXANDRA. Heartiest congratulations to Lucky LIKE FIDES, R.A., for this admirable portrait of the Queen of Hearts, Diamonds, and Priceless Pearls. A full-length portrait and every inch a Queen.

162. *A Venetian Vintage*, or Wine from the Woods (R.A.): also *The High Street, Serra Valle, Veneto*, in the sun, and then *In the Shade of the Redentors*. All delightful. Quite unique: Woods in Venice.

167. *Scotch Cattle*. Herd and seen by PETER GRAHAM, R.A.

182. "*A Roman Triumph!*" By A. C. GOW, R.A. "Gow along with yer! it's the arrival of a circus!"

183. "*I am coming out strong!*" The important personage who thus addresses the public is "*His Highness*," in a very elevated position, "*The Khedive*." He is cleverly repre-

More probably there was a "mailed fist," that is, a gracious autographic letter of appreciation to the artist, ARTHUR S. COPE, A., expressing His Majesty's Imperial pleasure at the result, and adding that "he (the EMPEROR) is almost convinced that he could not have done it better himself."

250. "*La Famille à surprise!*" "The Marvellous Marlboro' Troupe." JOHN S. SARGENT'S, R.A., wonder-working company—consisting of the Long-necked Lady (saying, "I have a head, and so has a pin,") Master Chirpy, the Ventriloquial Boy, Snap the Mechanical Dog, and the Professor himself in his

world-renowned act as Thoughtful Tammy, the curious calculating character—can be engaged for every evening during their stay at Burlington House, where, for the next three months, all communications should be addressed.

257. DAVID MURRAY, R.A., depicts a new industry. This is a Butterfly Plantation.

260. *A Pitiable Plight*. Awkward predicament of the bathing lady, who, having sent away all her clothes, is now awaiting the arrival of the costume promised punctually by the DRAPER (HERBERT J.).

327. Capital picture by J. H. F. BACON, A., showing two children, *The Little Sty-boots*, brother and sister, explaining to the artist how "they ought to be at lessons but prefer picture books."

358. Pictorial advertisement for "Professor HUBERT VON HERKOMER'S British and Bavarian tourist agency," showing the waiting-room of a station where the Professor's "personally-conducted tourists," while expecting the arrival of their "guide, philosopher and friend," pass the time in arguing as to the possibility of his being unpunctual. But they are quite safe, and may be perfectly satisfied, as everyone well knows the Professor has, long ago, "arrived."

376. "*A Vele Gonfie*." The interpretation of this title is, we believe, "with swelling sail." It represents a most bewitchingly-attractive lady casting a glance behind her, as if saying with NAPOLEON, "Let those who love me follow me! *Suivez-moi!*"

387. "*A Suspension 'Bridge'*, or which is '*The Cheat*'?" Something dishonourable has been done by somebody and is shown up in this picture by the Honourable JOHN COLLIER. Puzzle—to find out who is the cheat? Moral—"No Cards."

534. *A Birthday Present!* Another bit of BACON! Sir ALFRED GELDER considering what on earth he can do with this enormous pantomimic gold pencil which has been given him as a birthday present.

597. *Delightful Lady*, to whom we are introduced by Sir EDWARD POYNTER, Bart., P.R.A. "Lesbia hath a drooping eye."

726. "*An Anxious Moment!*" Mr. HUGH G. RIVIERE gives a life-like representation of Lady CRITCHETT, all alone. In the gloom at back, a door is mysteriously opening! She dare not turn!—What is going to happen?

(To be continued in next Academy.)

1826. *The Rt. Hon. Sir Antony MacDonnell, G.C.S.I., K.C.V.O.* Statue, marble, by GEORGE FRANKTON, R.A. Skillfully characteristic both of the subject and of the artist. A good British Bull-dog type that can hold its own and stick to it. The statue is to be erected at Lucknow. May its original be in Luck now and always! N.B.—This is meant to be complimentary.

AT THE NEW GALLERY.



533. *Lycidas*, or *The Undesirable Alien*. I should have been delighted to have put in an appearance at Burlington House if my—ahem—clothes had arrived in time. But they're so dreadfully particular there. However, when I've got my pockets—well—perhaps my things may have come from the tailor's by the date of the Academy soirée.

sented by Mr. WATSON NICOL as about to take a step forward, which, it is to be hoped, will be in the right direction.

212. Sir LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA's latest "*Mo!*" The discovery of un petit bon mot. One of the dams of the Nile has neglected her lambkin, which is adopted by an Egyptian Princess as an enfant trouvé. Notice native artists drawing water. N.B.—In store we are promised the "*Findings of several Judges*," to be presented to the Law Courts by Sir A. TADEMA, R.A.

235. See Mr. H. J. HUDSON's *Miss MacNabb*. Suggestive name for "a great catch."

241. "*H.I.M.*" (of course it represents Him, and no mistake about it) "*The German Emperor*." No sign of the "mailed fist" here.

OPERATIC NOTES.



Arrival of Wagner, Walküre, Leit-motif Car, personally conducted by Hans Richter, escorted by Die Drei (but not very dry) Rheintöchter, followed by Alberich and Mime on the steam-dragon.

WAGNER for ever! Of course such is the battle-cry of the Wagnerians, and so also is it of those who, not having WAGNER on the brain, look askant at the Opera time-table which gives the starting of *Das Rheingold* express at 8 P.M. sharp, stopping nowhere, fitted up with WAGNER-lits (most comfortable) and arriving an hour short of midnight; and even still more askant at the slow trains *Die Walküre* and *Siegfried*, starting at 5 P.M., stopping *en route* one hour for refreshment, and the excursion *Die Götterdämmerung* (a name which somewhat strictly brought-up English ladies are chary of pronouncing) at 4.30, on a Saturday afternoon, the hour of arrival not being given. This time-table is a startler, and 'tis with feelings of relief that the ordinary Opera habitué, who is not a Patron of the Ring, sees on the way-bill so familiar a name as *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and welcomes with delight the reappearance, let us hope as fresh as ever, of a very old friend, *Don Pasquale*.

Monday, May 1.—RICHTER's reception enthusiastic, which he Richterly deserves. An all-night sitting for *Das Rheingold*, from 8 till 11 without a break. Too much of WAGNER or of any music or play, whatever it may be, to take at one draught. Wagnerian audience cold; but this is *de rigueur*. Brilliant audience in dark auditorium; everybody of distinction in boxes, but nobody distinguished, as the House is in Wagnerian-Cimmerian darkness. It is enough to understand musically "what's what" on the stage, without noticing "who's who" in the auditorium.

Summary: RICHTER and orchestra perfect; Herr Wotan-WHITEHILL, Loge-BURRIAN, Mime-REISS, all good; Donner-SOOMER rather weak; Alberich-ZADOR, Fasolt-HINCKLEY, Fafner-RABOTH, very good. The three Fräuleins, Woglinde-BOSETTI, Wellgunde-ALTEN and Flosshilde-BEHNKE, all very good; Erda-KIRKBY LUNN uncommonly good, and Fricka-Frau REINI, Freia-Frau KNÜPPER-EGLI decidedly good. And there's an end on't. Bid me discourse no more.

Tuesday. Pedestrian exercise, *Die Walküre*. Darkness visible. Same evening dress as last night, but starting at 5 P.M. Hope soon to get accustomed to these habits. Great night. Splendid performance. Sleepers awakened. Enthusiasm. All artists in best form, and Mme. FLEISCHER-EDEL (*Sieglinde*), Frau WITTICH (*Brünnhilde*), at, to put it anglo-germanically, their *verry-beshtest*.

Thursday, *Siegfried*.—Covent Garden has a lot to learn from the Lane. Since WAGNER insists on pantomime, the

Management should contract for the best that can be had. Their Dragon, never a great achievement, was this time quite contemptible. He showed no fight, except to make a little play with a red tongue that pointed upwards at an angle of 45 degrees, and kept sticking out long after he was stone-dead. In shape it looked rather like a Geneva red-cross—a cowardly sign for a beast of that size to hang out; almost worse than a white flag. Herr KRAUS, a *Siegfried* of remarkably robustious proportions, sang well within himself, as if he were afraid of displacing the foliage. He should distinguish, by the way, between a horn for winding and a horn for drinking. In employing the former instrument he throws back his head and holds the thing vertically over his mouth as if he were tossing off its contents. Herr ZADOR as *Alberich* sang and acted with great vivacity, and Herr REISS extracted the last ounce of humour (humour is not WAGNER's strongest point) from the character of the treacherous Mime. Mr. WHITEHILL's splendid voice was some compensation for the stodginess of his part as the *Wanderer*. Signorina BOSETTI, invisible up a tree, made a delicious bird; while Madame KIRKBY LUNN, singing faultlessly as *Erda*, electrified the underground. In the last Act, where *Siegfried* falls in love with his strapping aunt (in the cavalry), Madame WITTICH sang the part of *Brünnhilde* with fine sonorousness, but her gesticulations, always a difficult matter in the waking-scene, fell short of perfect spontaneity. Herr RICHTER's orchestra carried off the honours. The house was full and appreciative, but kept its enthusiasm nicely under control.

Friday, May 5.—Substitution of the Barber for *Don Pasquale*. The delightful *Barbiere*! House full—of enthusiasm for the excellent acting and singing of Mlle.

BOSETTI (who rejected the encore for her rendering of "The Queen of the Night's" song) and of M. GILBERT, who was a perfect *Dr. Bartolo* in spite of an ill-fitting wig which, if supplied by *Figaro*, would not be a good advertisement for that Barber's establishment. It was perhaps this sense of responsibility that somewhat oppressed M. MAUREL, an ordinarilly gay and light-hearted *Figaro*. M. MARCOUX was a fairly good *Basilio*, but we have seen a brighter *Almaviva* than Signor BRAVI. Alas! Mlle. BACERMEISTER is no longer in *Dr. Bartolo's* household as *Bertha*. Who will replace her in all the varied rôles hitherto associated with this invaluable *artiste*?

Signor MANCINELLI conducts himself, and his merry men, as well as ever.



WELCOME REAPPEARANCE OF TWO GREAT DOGS, ANNOUNCED FOR TUESDAY, MAY 9.

Mr. Punch (delighted). "Ah! Don Pasquale with Don Izetti. Not seen you together here for twenty-five years!"

THE HEAVILY INSURED.

IN reference to M. PADEREWSKI's distressing illness, it is interesting to recall that, like all other great musical performers, he has always been heavily insured against all kinds of risks that might temporarily prevent him from appearing on the concert platform. His two hands are permanently underwritten for no less than £10,000, so that if either of them sustained such an injury through accident or disease as would prevent him from playing for the future, or so impair his powers as to render his performances of less value, he would qualify for the large sums named. Of the other most famous concert performers, KUBELIK is generally understood to be one of the most heavily insured. He has stated that he pays £300 premium for insurance in respect of his bow-hand alone, so that if prevented from fulfilling a single engagement he would receive £2,000 compensation. For a total disablement of this hand he would receive £10,000. In the case of JOSEF HOFFMANN, not only each hand, but each individual finger, is separately insured.

Such insurances are by no means confined to musical performers. Each of the Australian cricketers is insured against any injury that would incapacitate him in the field, while most of the leading English players are protected in this way against the penalties of writer's cramp.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE insures not only his general health but also his left hand and his left hip. If anything should occur to prevent these two portions of his anatomy from coming into picturesque conjunction he would receive a cheque of considerable dimensions. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER, in addition to his voice, insures his trouser-press.

MR. HAROLD BEGBIE pays a heavy premium on his adjective box, and if at any time he failed to produce the required epithet while writing one of his charming articles he would be entitled to handsome compensation.

MR. PLOWDEN's tongue is heavily insured, and he receives quite a handsome sum from a leading office whenever a sitting at the Marylebone Court yields no opening for a joke; but this is very seldom.

MR. BERNARD SHAW's insurances are numerous and weighty. For instance, it is stated on the best authority that he pays no less than £500 premium to indemnify him against the humiliating consequences of official recognition, such as elevation to the ranks of the Order of Merit, election to the Athenæum Club under the Distinguished Rule, or inclusion in the ranks of the British Academy.

Amongst eminent publicists who have insured themselves heavily must be reckoned Mr. LEO MAXSE, the gifted editor of the *National Review*. Thus it is an open secret that in the event of his ever being converted to the Free Food heresy he would immediately become entitled to an annuity of £1500 a year, while if he were ever so unfortunate as to find himself at a dinner party in company with Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL he would at once be in a position to claim a sum of £2000.

Furthermore, it is interesting to know that Mr. ST. LOE STRACHEY, the Editor of the *Spectator*, pays a premium of £200 to guard against the loss of prestige which might be sustained by his paper if he were in a moment of inadvertence to accept the Order of the Red Eagle from the German Emperor.

MR. BALFOUR's intellect, so we understand, is permanently underwritten for no less a sum than £20,000. Thus if he were ever compelled to give a definition or make a statement the interpretation of which should be unanimously agreed on by Mr. CHAPLIN, Mr. ASQUITH, Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. ARTHUR ELLIOT, he will at once qualify for the sum mentioned.

MR. HALL CAINE, the eminent Manx novelist, has taken out a policy of £5000 against being mistaken for BACON.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. BARONITE turns with expectation of pleasure to anything signed with the mark of "Q." *Shining Ferry* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) from one point of view varies the record. Purporting to be a novel of the ordinary six-shilling design, it is actually a series of episodes and sketches of character strung together on the slimmest thread. It opens well with description of *John Rosecarne*, the hard-headed business man, with his love tragedy hidden in a heart whose secrets are jealously kept from the world. But the promise of a drama that would hold the reader in thrall fades away to the futile ending of a marriage between *Hester Marcin* and *Tom Trevarthen*. Strewn by the way are charming chapters illustrating the manners and speech of the Cornwall folk whom "Q." knows so well. One of the most delightful is *Nicky Vro*, the boatman of the Ferry, whose adamantine incredulity at the idea that the world in general, and Troy Town in particular, could get along if he were dismissed from his post, is told with rare touch of pathos and humour. The probability is that these cameos were originally prepared separately, and on afterthought strung together on the thread aforesaid. It is a case which varies the rule about second thoughts being best.

IN *The House of Barnkirk* (Duckworth & Co.) AMY McLAREN, its author, gives us a commencement sufficiently attractive; whereupon the guileless Baron, on the point of congratulating his faithful servants the Skipper and his boy on their having at last obtained a rest, pauses, gives the word to "stand by," and ere he has completed a bold attempt at steering a straight course through another half-dozen chapters is forced once again to set to work both Skipper and boy, that by their aid, through meandering creeks, avoiding several dangers, nicely turning many corners, or getting out and taking a short cut from rock to rock, the Baron may reach that haven of rest called *Finis*. Arrived, he regrets that, on the working out of what promised to be a really good plot, so much capability should have wasted itself in commonplaces of conversation and repetition of situation: moreover, that whatever was slightly weird should have become wearisome, and the possibly tragic, troublesome. The Baron, improving on the words of the *Crown Prince of Denmark*, exclaims, "Oh what a noble purpose was here o'erthrown!"

The Leading Actor would have been a title for Mr. OPPENHEIM's romance more respectful to the Thespian profession than *The Master Mummer* (WARD, LOCK & Co.), though, even then, it would not be correctly descriptive of this story, where the principal tragedian is not so much its hero as is his daughter, to whom her unhappy parent has to act, as an American would pronounce it, "both as mummer and poppa." Those for whom dagger and bowl, air pistols, revolvers and knives, unutterably wicked Superioressees of strange foreign convents, naughty Barons, daring Arch-duchesses, cruel Countesses, hairbreadth escapes, sanguinary struggles with various violent villains, romantic rescues, and culminating *coups de théâtre*, still possess some charm, will find pretty well all the above ingredients in this melodramatic and, to the Baron, rather tedious, story.

